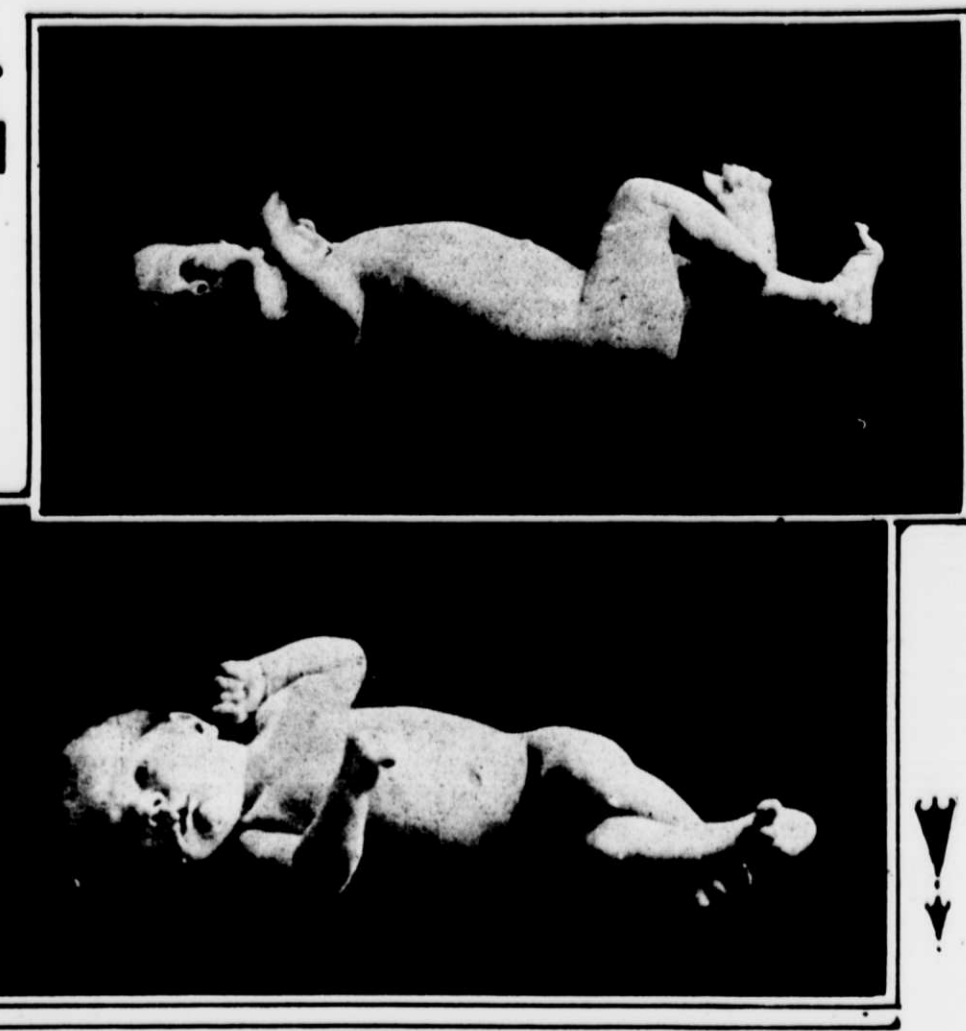
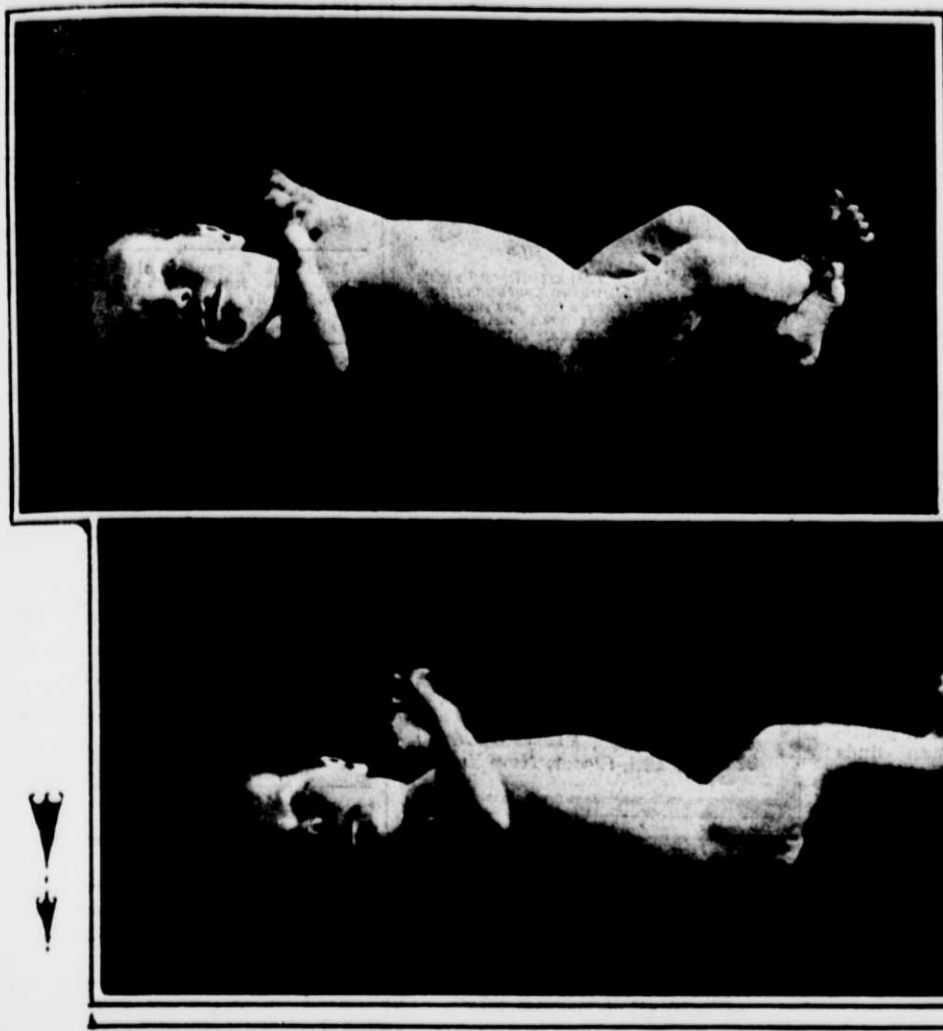


BABY THE BEST OF ALL PHYSICAL CULTURE TEACHERS



Sanford Bennett, Who Grew Young at 70, Advises All to Imitate Contortions of Infancy

Sanford Bennett's account of the exercises which made him younger at 70 than he was at 50 has been printed in THE SUN. Now he tells how he came to devise those exercises.

By SANFORD BENNETT.

It is evident that the lazy but logical methods of muscular activity I have so successfully practised appeal to a great many other lazy people, both men and women, old or young. Yet my simple methods of physical culture, as described in my book, "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention," are not new. All healthy babies practice exercises something similar as they lie in their cradles, cribs or mothers' arms.

You practised the same exercises when you were a baby and babies will continue to practise this system of physical culture as long as human beings inhabit this earth, for in the squirms, contortions and increasing activity of healthy infants you will see nature's methods of developing their muscular structure. So I will confess that I simply stole this system of exercise from these immature men and women.

Muscular activity is nature's law of health, and it is a good thing for you to understand this law, for when you

As you will realize why and how I grew young at 70; also how you too may improve your physical condition, and this by the easiest and simplest methods of physical culture or of exercise ever devised or which can be devised. This is true no matter whether you are a man or a woman and whatever your age may be. It is not possible that you can be healthy, strong and elastic of body without exercise, for this is nature's method of assisting the eliminating system in expelling from the body the dead cells, worn out tissue and other debris resulting from the process of life. Medicine cannot do this and in nine cases out of ten are of very doubtful value. Diet is undoubtedly an important factor, but exercise you must have or surely your mechanisms will commence to clog up, then your health will fail and that change which we term old age will manifest itself.

Again I repeat it is nature's law that if you do not exercise your muscular structure it will surely deteriorate. On the other hand, any muscle which is systematically and persistently exercised, that is alternately contracted and relaxed, will grow in size, strength and elasticity, and if all muscles are exercised there will be a general increase in these invaluable qualities.

This is why a baby squirms, kicks and stretches its little body, and therefore if you desire to be healthy and

strong and to prolong your life I advise you to follow the baby's example. I do not mean that you should be as strenuous in your exercises as babies are, for your heart would not stand it, hypertrophy or enlargement of that organ would almost certainly ensue, and if there was any tendency to hardening of the arteries, the increased blood pressure, consequent on the continuous rapid movements, might result dangerously. Therefore practise the exercises I describe, but practise them slowly.

To understand this statement consider the great difference between your pulsations and those of a baby 1 year old. I will assume you are between 55 and 60. Your normal pulse at those ages would rate along at about 75, while baby's normal heart beat would be 134; that is during its infrequent periods of quiet; and when it was in activity, which would be nearly all the time, it would probably rise to 150 or more. Now if you were to ask me to test your pulse and I should find an exercising rate as rapid as baby's, I would advise you to call a halt at once and not to do it again, for the reason that if you did your sorrowing relatives might soon after be selecting a suitable epitaph describing your undeniably good qualities, and a lot more you may not possess.

I commenced to study baby's method of physical culture, and endeavored to perfect my system of exercising in bed, when I was about 50. My improvement was rapid and noticeable, and being very enthusiastic over my success, I talked a great deal about it, so much so that "Bennett's baby ex-

ercises" became a stock joke among my friends. Then, as I was certainly proving the truth of my theories and becoming physically younger, I became the recipient of a lot of presents consisting of milk bottles, baby garments, cradles and pendants of that nature.

One of the most persistent of these jokers was a gentleman of about my own age, who believed in physical culture but decided to improve upon "Bennett's stupid, lazy methods." His improvement consisted in dilating his lungs to their fullest extent, and then going through a number of rapid tensing movements. This dangerous system was taught by a peripatetic physical culture instructor who had formed a class for that purpose in San Francisco.

I warned all of my friends who were members of that class of the danger they were incurring, but was of course laughed down—"Jealousy on Bennett's part." The result was that the gentleman I mentioned dropped dead during the second lesson, and the "Professor" found it advisable to leave town in a hurry.

I had been cautious before, but after this accident I became doubly so, and in my exercises I am continually testing my pulse; indeed, I have become so accustomed to doing this that a touch of my finger upon my wrist for only two or three pulsations is all that I need to keep well within a safe rate. This pulse testing is easily acquired; learn exactly where to find the pulsation in your wrist and the test can be quickly made. You do not need a watch, as you will speedily determine the approximate rate by a touch, three

or four pulsations, as I have said, being amply sufficient.

About eighty would be a good, slow exercising pulse, but five or six beats faster under those conditions would probably be safe enough. You will find that when you awake, and before exercising, the rate will be say ten or twelve beats slower.

Regarding baby's exercises, I have had prepared twenty instantaneous photographs of the different positions assumed by a healthy 3 weeks old baby taken during the ten minutes this active little mite was under the sensitive eye of the camera. Thirty-eight snapshots were made, but as many seemed to be but repetitions of some preceding movement I have used only those which show some variation of position.

There were several attitudes in which all of the muscles of the little body were apparently tensed, but these were unfortunately not taken, as the operator supposed the body was simply resting, though during its waking hours it never really rested, a statement which only those who have nursed or cared for a healthy youngster like this one will appreciate.

Afterward, through the kindness of the chief nurse of a maternity home, I have had frequent opportunities of studying the actions of very young babies and have found that there seems to be a well defined system in their muscular activity, all of them being healthy practising the same kicks, squirms and contortions, and by these exercises bringing all of their muscles systematically into activity. Frequently they stretch or

Nature's Own Method of Hardening the Muscles as It May Be Practised by Adults

tense every muscle of their little bodies, which forces the blood to remote capillaries, and helps the heart in its pumping work. I have copied all of the muscle tensing exercises which I have seen babies practice—with the exception of putting my toes in my mouth, which all babies do, but I can't, and don't believe you could if you wanted to.

As to the time of practice—commence as soon as you are awake, and before you rise. If you are unable to sleep, and you toss and tumble, and hear the clock strike all kinds of uncanny hours, don't bother counting imaginary sheep or employ other standard methods of inducing sleep, but select any one of the exercises I describe, preferably one of the arm exercises which requires as little movement as possible.

Practice this very slowly, so slowly that it may become monotonous, also slightly fatiguing, and count the movements very deliberately, as in the time honored practice of counting sheep jumping over a fence; start one—two—three, &c., until you are getting into a little tired, for it is awfully monotonous, and are getting to be a little mixed up and don't know the next number, so while you are foggy trying to remember it your movement becomes slower and slower, until some one suddenly says, "Wake up, it's 8

o'clock, breakfast is almost over." That is the way it works with me, and I think you will have the same experience, but if you don't your digestion may be wrong. This is very unusual with me, but it sometimes does occur; so when I find difficulty in putting myself to sleep by such exercises I follow nurse's methods with baby—that is after practising them slowly I sip warm milk also very slowly, whereupon after a few more gentle movements tired Nature's sweet restorer proceeds to "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care."

This is one of the best features of my lazy man's system of exercise, for I am confident that it is only during sleep that the repair process of the worn out tissue takes place, and so that Sancho Panza was right when he said, "Blessed be the man who invented sleep."

That you may induce this blessed condition when you toss and tumble about at uncanny hours of the night, try this remedy. As an easily learned but very effective method of exercising, securing bodily elasticity, as well as materially promoting your health, there is not any system of exercise like it. Countless millions of babies have successfully practised it, and it is just as much in vogue now as when the instinct of nature prompted the first baby to develop his wonderful structure by muscular activity.

THE WIFE'S COFFIN

Continued from Fourteenth Page.

By was the first duty of a returned traveler, went upstairs and made my manners to Greataunt Polina, describing for her Charleston and the hanging and whatever else I thought would be pleasant hearing to a person of her years.

But by good fortune I had not to recount the hanging more than four times in detail before Aunt Polina fell into one of those little opportune naps which are the solace and recreation of old age; and then I was free to rush off to the burial vault in the chapel yard to see that no one had tampered with the door and that my treasure, presumably, had not been lifted.

And whom should I come across hurrying in the same direction but the Rev. Crowles.

"Where are you going, sir?" said I. "My boy," said he, with but I did not think so till afterward a disingenuous face, "the key of the vault has disappeared."

"Does my mother know?" I asked. "No," said he, "and no cause to frighten her. The matter is best looked after by men. My first thought was the key—naturally. And I went at once to the place where it usually hangs in the closet of your father's library. It was gone."

"Who can have taken it?" I said. "What?" said he. "Why, it was in the library that the pirates waited while your mother fetched the boys. Doubtless they made use of the opportunity to look for portable articles of value and in opening the closet saw the key, recognized it and took it. That is the natural and logical explanation."

"Then," I said, my eyes wild with excitement, "they will come at night and steal the treasure."

"They will try to," said my tutor, and his eyes flashed; but whether with valor or derision I could not tell.

"What ought we to do about it?" I asked.

The Rev. Crowles appeared to consider deeply.

"Well, frankly, Jack," said he, "I haven't the answer at my tongue's tip. Suppose you come to my house while I change my coat and we will talk it over."

Nature being enough I was much flattered and presently we had entered her room and shady parlor.

"Speaking of keys," said he, "do you know they make the best gags imaginable?"

"Yes," I asked, "How?"

"How?" said he, "Why—well, here's a key, and he took out that which was in the lock of the parlor door. "Have you a bit of twine, Jack?" I had fetched it from my pocket. Then he twined the key at the end of the key's handle. Then thrusting the lock

end of the key into his mouth he drew the twine backward over his ears and then attempted to talk. The effort was indescribably droll. I thought, My respected tutor could emit nothing but a very faint sound that resembled nothing more than the syllables "Ogglegleggle."

Then he removed the key from his mouth and, having wiped it upon his handkerchief, asked me if I did not wish to know how it felt to be gagged. I was alacritous to know and presently, the key pressing downward on my tongue and paralyzing all power of articulation, I found myself trying to say: "Don't pull the twine so tight." But all I got out was "Ogglegleggle."

The Rev. Crowles had drawn the string much too tight for comfort; it cut sharply into the corners of my mouth and I realized suddenly that he was not holding the two loose ends, but had tied them at the back of my head. I put my fingers to the knot, but could make nothing of it. Then I turned and saw that my tutor was laughing—but nervously, rather than with amusement. I tried to say, "Take it off, it hurts!" And what I said was "Ogglegleggle."

"Jack!" said the Rev. Crowles, and in no way could I account for his manifest nervousness of voice and expression, "you have learned what it is to be gagged. I am now going to teach you what it is to be bound." And although I began to kick and fight, he so twisted his hand into the collar of my coat that I was soon choked to passivity.

Then still holding me by the collar he walked me hither and thither through his little house, while he looked for something with which to tie me. The waistcoat of an old dressing gown was finally made to answer, and having dragged me into the garret he bound me hand and foot and laid me on the floor.

"And now," said he, and the nervous look in his eyes had given place to a kind of evil, greedy light, "you will learn what it feels like to be a prisoner."

He left me, and I heard the attic trap close, and the bolt that held it shoot home.

It would have been as hard to believe that one of the great live oaks that stood about the Mansion House had gone for a walk as that Rev. Crowles had turned villain. The man had been with us, you might say, for years, with no greater fault than that slightly unmanly civility that so often goes with dependent poverty. You would never have dubbed him saint, being too fond of his bottle and his whist, and too overwhelmingly long faced and pious when he read the services in the chapel. But you had thought him as good or better than the general run of respected men, and to be trusted.

At first I could not but believe that

he had played a sorry practical joke upon me; but as time passed and the cord cut into my arms and legs and the twine into the corners of my mouth so as to cause bleeding, I began to think the truth. And then I passed from rage against the individual to a veritable passion of rage against fate, and I exhausted myself with directionless struggles.

My one chance, I argued, was to show myself at the little square of glass that lighted the attic and be seen. But granting that I could get to my feet and look out, who was to pass, looking up, and see me, unless the Rev. Crowles himself? Well, I did get to my feet. God only knows how, for I was mightily bound, and by a series of jumps of a few inches each got to the window and looked out.

For an hour I stood and saw no living thing, though now and then I heard far off voices. And then it began to get dark and, what

I caught one glimpse of Miles's astonished face turned up to mine, and then the blood from my slashed head ran into my eyes and I staggered and fell over backward.

I had always looked up to Miles as to the most serious minded and virtuous of my brothers. There was a kind of precise niceness about him in word and deed that was very taking. I had never known the shadow of an oath nor of any coarse expression to pass his lips; but when he had untied me and taken the gag from my mouth and heard all that I had to tell, he

proved himself a veritable glossary of unexpected language.

With me upon his knee, snuggled close to him and blubbering, he delivered himself of the longest stream of blood curdling oaths and threats—as I believed them and do still—that had ever flowed in this world. I think if Emperor Nero had heard he would have run off howling on his howlers. But as even the most beautiful musical pieces must come to an end, so with Miles's comforting and incomprehensible soliloquy. He stopped short in the midst of a hair raising expression and began then to speak in his

accustomed precise and well bred way.

"Baby," said he, for so I was still called by most of the family, "do you want to leave the Rev. Crowles entirely to me? If so I will first take you to mother and then shoot him like a dog. But if you would rather have a hand in it yourself—"

"I would, Miles," I blubbered, "I would rather."

"Very well, then," said he, "and I'm glad you feel that way. But you'll have to stay here till night; because he'll be coming back to have a look at you—"

By a series of jumps of a few inches each I got to the window.

"But Miles—" I began, agitated at the proposition.

"He will come about supper time," said Miles; "at supper you will be missed. Every one of us will be turned out to look for you. See? Crowles will give all the directions. Well, when we are all well scattered, about eleven or midnight, he will go to the vault and make off with the treasure."

"I don't want him to," I said.

"Frrrr!" said Miles, "you and I will be waiting for him in the vault."

"But he has the key," I objected.

"There's another way in," said Miles. "You don't remember my tame fox, Baby, do you? Well, I had one and he had a burrow in the earth that's banked over the vault. You can't see it because of the honey-suckle. Well, this old burrow's still there and it goes right back to the masonry. And that part of the masonry was laid without cement and all we'll have to do is to pull out a few stones—and I've done it two or three times—and crawl into the vault. You come in just between gran'pa and Uncle Philip—and we will wait there till Crowles comes, and, believe me, the surprise will do him a world of good."

Well, it ended with Miles tying me

up, but loosely, and gagging me again, but not so that it hurt, and then he kissed me and said I was his own brave brother and went away.

A long time after I was awakened by the opening of the attic trap and I heard the voice of Crowles.

"Are you all right?" he said sharply. "Ogglegleggle," said I.

He laughed in a kind of wild, excited way and I heard the trap door close and the bolt shoot.

The next thing I remember I was running through the night, hand in hand with Miles, and at our sides bounded an enormous lumbering great mastiff. There were murky clouds racing across the heavens and now and then flashed forth the moon. Here and there, far off, shone bobbing lights, which were lanterns in the hands of those who were searching for me. But no one saw us and we reached the vault and crawled in by the secret entrance and rested awhile, panting among the dead.

But Miles had already been in, as I knew, when after some fumbling, he found and lighted a lantern.

In the centre of the vault, being as it were a transient guest there, rested upon the receiving resties the coffin supposed to contain the body of Capt. Thorn's wife.

Miles set the lantern square upon the lid and laid to undoing the great thumb screws.

"His first surprise," said he, "shall be to find the treasure gone. Now, Baby, take the lantern and, as I lift the lid, you look in. It's your right to look in first, so I'll shut my eyes."

But if I expected (and I did) to be dazzled by an Ali Baban display of gold and diamonds I was disappointed. The coffin was full to the brim of little leatheren packets; some light and some as heavy as lead, some of old worn leather and some of new and yellow. But at that time we opened none.

Nay, we worked like a pair of beavers to remove them all and hide them about the vault, between coffins, behind coffins and wherever the light of a lantern from a central position could not penetrate and we had the coffin nearly emptied and most of the treasure hid, when suddenly "Sssh!" said Miles.

We had heard even through the heavy door the sound of a trodden twig breaking.

"Baby," Miles whispered with a sudden inspiration, "let him find you."

And before I could have said Jack Robinson Miles had me in the coffin and the lid on. But one of the screws held the lid ajar, so that I knew the precise moment when Miles blew out the lantern. Himself, he told me after, then lay down, fowling piece cocked and ready, between gran'pa

and Uncle Philip. And with him, bristling horribly, but forbidden to order or speak, crouched Juno trembling.

I heard the key thrust into the lock and turned and then the heavy creaking of the vault door and a moment later the slight concussion caused by its being warily closed. Then I heard a lantern being lit and a yellow beam of light reached me in the coffin. At the same instant a spasm of acute fear jerked me from head to foot. Then I heard the voice of the Rev. Crowles pitched in a tone of dismay. For he must have seen, at that instant, that the lid of the coffin had been unscrewed.

The lid was snatched off, and I saw bending over me, not the face of Crowles alone, but three faces; his and those of the two pirates who had come to my mother for the coffin. How he had got into communication with them will never be known. Let it suffice that he had and was in collaboration with them, at that for him ill omened moment.

You must not think that the three stared down at me and I up at them for an unconscionable time. During the brief moment that it takes to wink perhaps, but not longer. In truth, the awful yell that was torn from my throat must have been almost simultaneous with the snatching off of the coffin lid. And had upon my yell there came the detonation of Miles's fowling piece and the horrible attacking roar of the mastiff.

There was no time for the ill fated pirate against whom she sprang to open the heavy door of the vault and escape her, even for a moment. Indeed—and I must have sat up in the coffin, for I saw it all—he did not so much as reach the door or try to. He leaped upward and backward upon a coffin, screaming, and from that slight elevation she pulled him downward and forward by the throat, and then up in the mouldy floor killed him as if he had been a rat.

Miles with his fowling piece had accounted for the other pirate, but as for the Rev. Crowles, though he was dead as a stone, there was not a mark on him, and it was not until the morning when they laid him out for burial that any one noticed that the most of his hair had turned white.

It remains only to say that the treasure footed £30,000, a huge sum in those days, and that at no time was there any talk of turning it over to the heathen. Indeed, only one thing not delightful came of the night's work, and this was that at least once a week until her death two years later, at the age of 104, Greataunt Polina made me rag myself with a great brass key and thus cater to her senile sense of humor.

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By a series of jumps of a few inches each I got to the window.